

## The Times-Dispatch.

Published Daily and Weekly at No. 4 North Tenth Street, Richmond, Va.  
Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as Second-Class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 2 cents a copy.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 5 cents a copy.

DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail—10 cents a month, \$5.00 a year, \$2.50 for six months, \$1.50 for three months.

SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail, \$2.00 a year.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH, including Sunday, by carrier, 15 cents per week.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH, by carrier, 5 cents per week.

The WEEKLY TIMES-DISPATCH, \$1.00 year.

All Unsubscribed Communications will be returned.

Rejected Communications will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps.

Uptown Office at T. A. MILLER'S, No. 519 East Broad Street.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1903.

## A WORD OF WARNING.

The change in our system of taxation has caused more or less uncertainty in the matter of the State's income. In other years it was easy to estimate what the revenues would be, but at present the authorities are more or less at sea. It is hard to know how the change will affect the revenue from a certain class of personal property, so called; how it will affect the charter fees; whether or not the increased revenue from the railroads and from other sources will be sufficient to offset the loss from the reduction in the general levy.

We do not mean to intimate that the revenues will be insufficient to meet the interest on the public debt and current expenses. There is every reason to believe that they will be ample, but there is some uncertainty, and the credit of the State is not to be trifled with. A little while ago Virginia centuries were selling above par; yesterday they were noted at 93.

For our part, we have no more doubt that the interest on these bonds will be met as it falls due than we have that the interest on United States bonds will be paid. But until something more definite is known concerning the practical operation of our new tax system, it behooves the General Assembly to be very careful about expenditures, and we would pass along the word of warning.

The extraordinary appropriations already made amount to \$65,000.

Other proposed appropriations now pending are as follows:

For deficiencies in eleemosynary institutions	\$4,000
For improving the Capitol	100,000
For Lee statue and Stuart statue	20,000
For Jamestown Exposition	200,000
For penitentiary	50,000
For State Normal School (\$75,000) and Colored Normal School (\$50,000)	125,000
Total	\$540,000
Grand total	611,000

We are not sounding an alarm, for there is no occasion for alarm. But we are giving warning. We direct the attention of the General Assembly and the attention of the public to these figures. If all these appropriations are voted the State may be embarrassed when pay day comes. Therefore, let us go slow. Let us be sure about our income before we spend it.

## THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

We have devoted much of our space to the discussion of the liquor question, and have printed practically every communication on the subject that we have received. We have also presented our own views in extenso, for the reason that this is a very live question, a question of morals as well as of politics, and it is our earnest desire to have the problem solved in the best interests of society. This paper is not arrayed on the side of prohibitionists, nor on the side of liquor dealers. We do not regard the prohibitionists as a party, nor do we regard the liquor dealers. We are thinking of society and good government, and we are earnestly desirous of knowing what is the best method of dealing with this subject and of seeing that method put into operation.

Elsewhere we print a communication in point from a correspondent in reply to some remarks of our several days ago. We had said that the youth who expected to be saved by legislation was in danger of hell fire; that the youth who wished to make sure of being saved must save himself; that boys could not be saved by legislation from immoral life, nor men either. Our correspondent says in reply that "if this line of argument means anything, it means that there are no salutary influences whatever, external to ourselves; that neither precept, preaching nor example have any value, and that there is no moral or influential power in any sort of legislation against evil."

We should have known by this that our correspondent was a prohibitionist, for prohibitionists always take the extreme view. Our remark is susceptible to no such construction. Of course, we believe in salutary influences, in home training, in school training, in Sunday-school training, in wholesome legislation to regulate the sale of intoxicants. But for all that we say that the youth or the man who relies upon legislation rather than upon his own individual effort to save him from a life of crime or a life of immorality is in danger of hell fire. Our prohibition friends seem to think that the only way to save men from sin is to take temptation away. But if temptation be taken away, where is the opportunity for moral and religious exercise and for the development of moral and religious character? The Bible teaches no such doctrine. It teaches that temptations are here and here for a purpose; that men may be and should be right and do right in spite of temptations, and may use and should use temptations for their betterment. Everybody

who has made the test knows that by such exercise a man's weakness may become his strength.

We once heard a prohibitionist say that prohibition began in the Garden of Eden with the command of the Lord to Adam and Eve that they should not eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree. On the contrary, that was free agency. Our first parents were commanded not to do this thing, but they were given absolute liberty to choose for themselves between good and evil. According to the doctrine of prohibition, this tree which constituted their temptation would never have been put in their way, or once there as a temptation, should have been removed.

In the next place our correspondent wants to know if we do not think that "there ought to be effective legislation to protect the weak and helpless against the savage fury of drunken maniacs." Of course, we do. We think that drunkards should be held to a strict account for their acts. We do not think it any excuse for crime that the criminal was under the influence of whiskey at the time. On the contrary, this seems to us but to exaggerate the offense. If a man voluntarily puts himself in a state of irresponsibility he must pay the penalty of his misdeeds. We are in favor of arresting drunkards when found on the streets and detaining them in prison until they have sobered up. In the case of those who have become permanently insane from drink, we are in favor of confining them in asylums for the insane and treating them as other patients are treated.

Finally our correspondent takes us to task for saying that it is no crime to sell whiskey. He tacitly admits, however, that this is true in a measure at least—that is to say, that it is no crime to sell whiskey for medicinal purposes. But he asks us we do not think it ought to be made a crime to sell whiskey for "beverage purposes." Certainly not. First of all, how could such a law be enforced? How could a dealer know in selling whiskey whether it was to be used for medicinal purposes or for "beverage purposes"? The only way to enforce such a law would be to make it a crime for a man to buy whiskey except for medicinal purposes, and whenever the people of the United States or of any State get themselves up to that degree of fanaticism personal liberty will be gone.

It is impracticable to abolish alcohol, and so long as alcohol is in existence it will be more or less abused by some people. Therefore, the rational thing to do is to address ourselves to the question of regulating the sale of intoxicants in such a way as not to interfere with the rights of those who use it moderately and to their comfort, and at the same time to reduce the incidental evil to its lowest terms. It is that view of the question to which members of the General Assembly must address themselves in framing legislation.

## THE CAMPBELL VERDICT.

The House Committee on Courts of Justice, after having carefully investigated the charges against C. J. Campbell, Judge of the County Court of Amherst, have unanimously decided that he is guilty on three of the counts, and will recommend that he be removed. The verdict is no surprise to those who have followed the evidence. We do not see how an honest and intelligent committee could have reached any other conclusion. Judge Campbell is not to be judged by a single act. We think he was guilty of conduct most reprehensible in a judge when he publicly cowdied the preacher it was his business to preserve the peace, to uphold the law and to protect the man whom he, by process of law, had brought within the jurisdiction of his own court. But that was not all. It was shown in the evidence that this cowdying affair was but the culmination of a career. Judge Campbell had been a courthouse politician, a political wire-puller, the leader of a political faction and author of the "Campbell system" of politics. He was known as a quarrelsome and a fighting man, and was time and again involved in personal difficulties more or less serious, in one of which, according to his own account, he kicked an old man in the mouth and knocked his teeth down his throat. The cowdying of the old preacher was well in keeping with his habit of life.

He must have known that the man Day was selling liquor in violation at least of the spirit of the prohibition law in Amherst, yet he paragonized Day's establishment, and was Day's friend, and accepted Day as endorser on his paper at bank.

The hour is late, and we have not the time to review the evidence in detail, but there is enough here to justify the finding of the committee.

The report will now come before the House for action, and let us hope that there will be no bickering and no dodging. When the report is called let every member be in his seat, and let him meet the issue like a man and like a true representative of Virginia.

## NEW CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

Dr. E. A. Alderman, president of Tulane University, is one of the most conspicuous of our southern educators, and never makes a public address without saying something striking. He is a southerner, but he is frank and honest and is not afraid to declare the truth as he sees it. In a recent address at the North, referring to the situation in the South that preceded the war, he said that the system then in vogue did not produce in any just degree either wealth or letters, that it arrested immigration, branded labor, minimized invention, emphasized the caste feeling, and set the badge of pauperism on the schools of the plain people.

This statement is in part misleading, but it is in the main true. The South produced splendid men and women, and there are those who say that southerners have degenerated since the war. There is much to be said in behalf of the old southern customs; there is much of our old chivalry, of our high sense of honor, of our reverence for women. But the system, as Dr. Alderman has pointed out, was not without its serious faults. It tended to build up an aristocracy on the one hand and a peasantry on the other. The lot of the

poor man in the South who owned no slaves was pitiful indeed, and it is well known that the house servants of the rich looked with contempt upon the "poor white trash" of the neighborhood. Moreover, the system tended to build up an idle class. Some of our young men were not far behind the English squire in their estimate of "trades-people." They had slaves to wait on them, and they did not think it becoming to soil their hands with work. Again, as Dr. Alderman has said, the free school was the school for paupers, and had the brand of pauperism upon it. It was practically on a par with the poorhouse.

The net result of the change is to improve the average. The South is not producing so many men who stand out head and shoulders above their fellows, but there has been a general uplift of the people, there are more, many more, "little great men" than ever before, there are many more men of moderate means, and everybody knows that the aggregate wealth and the per capita wealth has increased enormously. There is now no idle class. Our young men are all at work, and are proud of it. Our public schools are no longer the schools of the poor only, but the schools of all classes, and in some sections private schools cannot be maintained because the public schools supply every need.

The manner of slavery was infamous, but all southern men are glad that slavery is no more. It was a curse instead of a blessing to the South. The shackles were not upon the negroes alone. The whites were also slaves to the custom, and all of us are now glad that the shackles have been broken and that the South is free.

## BUFFALO'S MYSTERY.

One of the most interesting murder cases ever brought to the attention of the public is that which is now exercising the authorities and the people generally of the city of Buffalo. The Burdick murder case is a great mystery, and when reading about it one is reminded of stories of Sherlock Holmes. But it is one thing to solve a murder mystery in the books and quite another thing to solve it in real life. Dr. Conan Doyle can create a great mystery and puzzle and mystify his readers because he gives the mystery first, and withholds the revelation to the last. It is all simple enough after he has worked it out, and it is simple enough to him because he makes the problem to suit the solution. But when there is a real murder, such as that in the city of Buffalo, when there is a real problem, the solution is not so easy, and the detectives are at their wits' end to know who killed this man in the privacy of his house, and how the murderer managed to cover up his (or her) tracks so completely.

However, in this day of telegraph and telephone and rapid transit, it is very hard for a murderer to escape, and it is promised that the murderer of Mr. Burdick will soon be in the hands of the police.

At the risk of offending the temperance sentiment of at least two States we may remark that there are a great many other people who will be pleased at the information that in the cyclonic disturbances created in North Carolina by the Watts liquor law, the old Nick Williams distillery was not blown away. The famous distillery in the county of Yadkin was established away back in Revolutionary times before people knew anything about adulterating whiskey, and for all these years its history has been a no inconsiderable part of the history of the State. It has always been in the country, but now it is "right in town," the Legislature having passed a bill, day before yesterday incorporating the town of Williams in Yadkin county. The "town" is made up of the distillery, the residence of Mr. Williams and the homes of a dozen or more of his employees. The bill which passed makes Mr. Glenn Williams the mayor of the "town."

Lieutenant H. H. Ward, who has been the flag officer of Rear Admiral Crowning, has tendered his resignation along with his chief. This officer is as well known as the Rear Admiral, and is considered one of the best and bravest among the young officers in the navy. He was assigned to assist the judge advocate of the navy in the trial of Admiral Schley, and was attacked several times by counsel for his partisan activity against Schley. However, Lieutenant Ward made a brilliant record during the Spanish war. He went to Spain as a spy and found out by personal observation the exact condition of the squadron which the Spaniards were preparing to send to the Philippines to defeat Dewey. Then he went to Porto Rico, where he was suspected and arrested. By bluffing he managed to make the Spanish authorities release him, and, after obtaining some valuable information, went back to Europe to get what he could about the plans of the enemy. He was advanced ten numbers "for extraordinary heroism."

In the matter of quantity Missouri leads all the States as an apple grower. The figures show that there are 20,000,000 apple trees planted in Missouri, which is said to be 3,000,000 more than any other State can at the present time show. The people of Missouri also boast somewhat of the excellent quality of the fruit that is annually gathered from these trees. However, it is conceded that there is no apple in that or any other State that can quite equal the Albemarle pipin, which reaches its highest state of perfection in Virginia and the county from which it takes its name.

St. George Tucker Brooks, LL. D., professor of common and statute law, West Virginia University, and a son of the late Commodore Brooks, has published in the Transatlantic Historical Magazine, Morgantown, W. Va., a readable article on "The Meridme-Monitor Battle."

It is, in considerable part, a reply to McCloy's history of that battle, but is also check full of matter of personal interest to Virginians. That the Monitor disabled or defeated the Merrimac (Virginia) he utterly disproves. On a later occasion we purpose using a number of extracts from Professor Brooks's article, which we find well-written and interesting and valuable in a historical point of view.

Mr. Frank Jay Gould will find that the people of Richmond are very reasonable

The Gorham Co. guarantee it  
**GORHAM**  
SILVER POLISH  
Guaranteed to be the best on the market by the leading silversmiths of the world.  
All responsible jewellers keep it 25 cents a package

The Man ABOUT TOWN  
CHAPTER XVIII.

DAILY CALENDAR, MARCH 10th, 1903—Senator Barkside's pure elections bill postponed by the House of Delegates. 1875—Postponed some more. "Warning—Predestination is the thief of time."

Maud Muller, as the snow fell down, took up the notion to go to town. The grass had faded and so had the hay. She hitched up the oxen and hid away. She wanted to see what there was in store. She passed Judge Campbell, and what was more, she was more. He stood near the spring and mopped his hair. And said as he gasped, he couldn't see how. Such reports could be given with evidence. That tended to make a good judge of him. Maud went a few weeps as the team ran down.

The good judge sprang from his mule to and said as he grazed in her face so fair. That if it pained her he didn't care. Then he looked away back in the distant past. As he squeezed her hand in a mighty grasp. "I'll get on top again," he said. "Although I'm gone, I am not dead." Then he got on his mule and rode away. And Maud went back to her faded hay.

"All right, whoever you are," and Bobs felt the cords which bound him fall apart. He lay still where he was till he felt a hand on his arm, and a voice said, "Get up, you're getting up on your feet. Keep hold of my hand, and follow me."

Bobs did as he was told and blindly followed his unknown guide. He heard a door open in front of him, and then soon for another, and then he was going downstairs.

"Take hold of the stair-rail with your free hand. It will help you," said the voice. "Don't hurry, there's plenty of time. That's right, now rest your head on my hand, and follow me."

Bobs saw a tall man in front of him as they emerged into the electric light, and kept close behind him. They went some fifty feet and then turned down a street to the right, a cab was standing near the corner.

"Get in, you are perfectly safe. Trust to me," as he turned to the driver. "Follow my directions and drive quick."

Bobs jumped in and his companion followed him, closing the door as he sat down. "I don't know how to thank you," began the last man to get in. "Then don't try to find out how," was the quiet reply. "I have my reasons for getting you away from that crowd, and they are not entirely selfish. Rest assured, however, that your personal harm will be done. You know you, but you do not know me, and it makes but little difference. You must be hungry and thirsty, we will go to my rooms and have a bite and a drink, and after that you are at liberty to do as you please."

The cab drew up at the curb, and Bobs's companion stepped out, the boy following him. The driver evidently had his instructions, as he drove away at once. The unknown walker took the steps of the house at which they had stopped.

"Pardon me," he said, turning to Bobs who followed him. "It is best for me to go in first, and he stepped quickly into the house. Closing the door behind them he took a key from the bunch in his hand and opened a door on the left of the hall. Motioning to Bobs to go in he stepped behind him and closed the door, turning on the electric light as he did so.

They were in a quietly furnished, comfortable room. A fire burned in the grate and large, roomy, leather-covered chairs and sofas were arranged to give the good things of life. A large mahogany table occupied the center of the room and on it were books, papers, magazines, pipes and tobacco, in short, all the paraphernalia that goes with a man's room.

"You are welcome, Mr. Morgan, make yourself at home. There are some good cigars. You must excuse me for a moment while I get something for us to eat."

Bobs turned and looked at his host. He saw a tall, rather dark man, with a close cropped beard. He wore glasses, colored just enough to prevent the lid from seeing his eyes. His hair was thinning, but Bobs could not remember having seen him among the men at the rooms when he was brought in.

The man turned and walked through a door leading into another room, as if the occasion was the most natural thing in the world. Soon he reappeared.

"Here is some cheese, what do you say to a Welsh rarebit?" Bobs's host had accepted stuffed elephants and he had accepted him. "It isn't much, but I happen to have a good recipe, and every man knows that every other man thinks that he has the only recipe for rarebit worth having."

"I don't know," said Bobs. "I'm afraid that you forget that I am not as old as you are, and I don't know it!" "I know how old you are, my boy; that is all right. He stepped to a sideboard and took out a beautiful silver blazer. Soon the cheese was melting, and a delicious odor arose. Bobs decided that his unknown friend did have a good recipe, and helped to open the ale with alacrity and appetite.

They sat down to the impromptu feast as they had known each other for years, and Bobs, with a boy's, or one may say youth's healthy appetite, soon almost forgot the evening's exciting episode.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Good morning, Mr. Vanbrugh, my name is Elliot. I am from Chicago, and I wish to build a large house. I understand that you are one of the best in this section of the country. Now I want the biggest and best, and money is no object."

"He said, Mr. Elliot, and I will show you some plans and drawings." He rang a bell by his side. "Tell Mr. Morgan to come here," he said to the boy that answered the bell. "Mr. Elliot, this is Mr. Morgan, one of my rising young men. Bobs got out some of those latest houses that we built up on the Hudson."

"Any particular ones, sir?" "No; any will do, only pick out the largest." Bobs left the room in search of the plans and Mr. Elliot turned to the architect.

"Nice looking young chap, that Mr. Vanbrugh."

"Yes, he is a handsome lad, and a hard worker. He came here over a year ago on the request of Mr. James Van Nostrand, whose protegee he is. He had a curious accident happen to him. That is the result, I should say, and not the accident. He saved the life of the younger Mr. Van Nostrand when the latter was run away with in a dog-cart. He was thrown out and had concussion of the brain, and he cannot remember one single detail connected with his past."

"Has no one ever claimed him?" "No, no one did come to the hospital while he was laid up, and said that he was his father, but he never appeared again, and gave a false address. Mr. Van Nostrand has practically adopted the lad. Here are the drawings you want. See if there is anything among them that you want."

After some minutes spent in looking over the plans, Mr. Elliot shook his head. "No," he said, "I do not see what I

want here. I cannot express myself as I should wish, as I do not know anything at all about architectural terms, but there is a house that suits me up on the avenue, somewhere about Fifty-four Street. It has a certain amount of decoration about it, and yet it is not loud. It looks like a foreign house."

"Ah, I know now what you want. You are after the gothic. We shall have to make special drawings for you, as those houses are not common and the work requires care and attention to detail of a certain kind. Shall we make and submit drawings to you?"

"I shall be pleased to have you. How long will it take?"

"I will put two men on that work alone and I think the work will be done in a week or less. Of course, you must understand that it is a special style, and the plans must conform to the general design. You will, however, get a beautiful house, and one that will speak for itself. It is a house of land have you?"

"Two hundred by eighty-five, and it is on a corner."

"Ah, that is very good. Do you limit us as to size, or shall we cover the lot?" "I should prefer that you consider that matter yourself and do what is best to produce a first-class house. Can I see that young man again?"

"Certainly, Bobs, Mr. Elliot wishes to speak to you."

"Mr. Morgan, I have taken a fancy to you. I am alone at the Holland house; you will not dine with me this evening?"

"I shall be delighted, sir."

"Do so, then. Shall we say 7? Very well; good morning, Mr. Vanbrugh, I shall hear from you when the plans are ready."

CHAPTER XX.

"Now, boys, let us go and see if our young friend's memory has returned or if he is only fooling."

"He's never fooling, Reddie. What's up?"

## "BOBS" His Trials, Tribulations and Triumphs.

By REGINALD LANG. Copyright by Philip Little.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bobs lay and wondered what would happen next.

"Now, who under the sun are these men?" he said to himself, "and what have I done to them? They seem to think, at least that red-headed idiot seemed to think, that I was lying. Confound it, I don't lie. I don't know just why I don't, perhaps I might if the occasion required it, but I don't, and that's all there is about it. I'll be blown if I ever thought that those letters were meant for me. They must have been, but what have I done that they should pick upon me? I suppose that it is something that I have forgotten, and which belonged to the time before I got that internal chuck out from the doctor."

The boy, for he was but that, though eighteen, dozed as he lay tied up on the cot, but suddenly he became aware of the fact that some one was in the room and near him. He tried to move, but a voice said in a warning tone:

"Hush, Bobs, do just as I tell you. Lie still, and I will cut your bonds, but lie still."

"All right, whoever you are," and Bobs felt the cords which bound him fall apart. He lay still where he was till he felt a hand on his arm, and a voice said, "Get up, you're getting up on your feet. Keep hold of my hand, and follow me."

Bobs did as he was told and blindly followed his unknown guide. He heard a door open in front of him, and then soon for another, and then he was going downstairs.

"Take hold of the stair-rail with your free hand. It will help you," said the voice. "Don't hurry, there's plenty of time. That's right, now rest your head on my hand, and follow me."

Bobs saw a tall man in front of him as they emerged into the electric light, and kept close behind him. They went some fifty feet and then turned down a street to the right, a cab was standing near the corner.

"Get in, you are perfectly safe. Trust to me," as he turned to the driver. "Follow my directions and drive quick."

Bobs jumped in and his companion followed him, closing the door as he sat down. "I don't know how to thank you," began the last man to get in. "Then don't try to find out how," was the quiet reply. "I have my reasons for getting you away from that crowd, and they are not entirely selfish. Rest assured, however, that your personal harm will be done. You know you, but you do not know me, and it makes but little difference. You must be hungry and thirsty, we will go to my rooms and have a bite and a drink, and after that you are at liberty to do as you please."

The cab drew up at the curb, and Bobs's companion stepped out, the boy following him. The driver evidently had his instructions, as he drove away at once. The unknown walker took the steps of the house at which they had stopped.

"Pardon me," he said, turning to Bobs who followed him. "It is best for me to go in first, and he stepped quickly into the house. Closing the door behind them he took a key from the bunch in his hand and opened a door on the left of the hall. Motioning to Bobs to go in he stepped behind him and closed the door, turning on the electric light as he did so.

They were in a quietly furnished, comfortable room. A fire burned in the grate and large, roomy, leather-covered chairs and sofas were arranged to give the good things of life. A large mahogany table occupied the center of the room and on it were books, papers, magazines, pipes and tobacco, in short, all the paraphernalia that goes with a man's room.

"You are welcome, Mr. Morgan, make yourself at home. There are some good cigars. You must excuse me for a moment while I get something for us to eat."

Bobs turned and looked at his host. He saw a tall, rather dark man, with a close cropped beard. He wore glasses, colored just enough to prevent the lid from seeing his eyes. His hair was thinning, but Bobs could not remember having seen him among the men at the rooms when he was brought in.

The man turned and walked through a door leading into another room, as if the occasion was the most natural thing in the world. Soon he reappeared.

"Here is some cheese, what do you say to a Welsh rarebit?" Bobs's host had accepted stuffed elephants and he had accepted him. "It isn't much, but I happen to have a good recipe, and every man knows that every other man thinks that he has the only recipe for rarebit worth having."

"I don't know," said Bobs. "I'm afraid that you forget that I am not as old as you are, and I don't know it!" "I know how old you are, my boy; that is all right. He stepped to a sideboard and took out a beautiful silver blazer. Soon the cheese was melting, and a delicious odor arose. Bobs decided that his unknown friend did have a good recipe, and helped to open the ale with alacrity and appetite.

They sat down to the impromptu feast as they had known each other for years, and Bobs, with a boy's, or one may say youth's healthy appetite, soon almost forgot the evening's exciting episode.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Good morning, Mr. Vanbrugh, my name is Elliot. I am from Chicago, and I wish to build a large house. I understand that you are one of the best in this section of the country. Now I want the biggest and best, and money is no object."

"He said, Mr. Elliot, and I will show you some plans and drawings." He rang a bell by his side. "Tell Mr. Morgan to come here," he said to the boy that answered the bell. "Mr. Elliot, this is Mr. Morgan, one of my rising young men. Bobs got out some of those latest houses that we built up on the Hudson."

"Any particular ones, sir?" "No; any will do, only pick out the largest." Bobs left the room in search of the plans and Mr. Elliot turned to the architect.

"Nice looking young chap, that Mr. Vanbrugh."

"Yes, he is a handsome lad, and a hard worker. He came here over a year ago on the request of Mr. James Van Nostrand, whose protegee he is. He had a curious accident happen to him. That is the result, I should say, and not the accident. He saved the life of the younger Mr. Van Nostrand when the latter was run away with in a dog-cart. He was thrown out and had concussion of the brain, and he cannot remember one single detail connected with his past."

"Has no one ever claimed him?" "No, no one did come to the hospital while he was laid up, and said that he was his father, but he never appeared again, and gave a false address. Mr. Van Nostrand has practically adopted the lad. Here are the drawings you want. See if there is anything among them that you want."

After some minutes spent in looking over the plans, Mr. Elliot shook his head. "No," he said, "I do not see what I

want here. I cannot express myself as I should wish, as I do not know anything at all about architectural terms, but there is a house that suits me up on the avenue, somewhere about Fifty-four Street. It has a certain amount of decoration about it, and yet it is not loud. It looks like a foreign house."

"Ah, I know now what you want. You are after the gothic. We shall have to make special drawings for you, as those houses are not common and the work requires care and attention to detail of a certain kind. Shall we make and submit drawings to you?"

"I shall be pleased to have you. How long will it take?"

"I will put two men on that work alone and I think the work will be done in a week or less. Of course, you must understand that it is a special style, and the plans must conform to the general design. You will, however, get a beautiful house, and one that will speak for itself. It is a house of land have you?"

"Two hundred by eighty-five, and it is on a corner."

"Ah, that is very good. Do you limit us as to size, or shall we cover the lot?" "I should prefer that you consider that matter yourself and do what is best